

I hear my BRAVURA, engine roar to life. I wondering
how fast I could I push my truck. I know muscle always beats
import but come on. Losing is not a option for me, I have to

prove not only guys can race but girls can too. I know I'm
better than the rest. I've grown up with these pigs, and now I have to

show them I'm just as good at racing as them in my beautiful 2012
camaro. They think, they're better then me, but they have something
coming from them. Racing is my life now, no going back. I can't
go back, I argue with myself everyday, wondering why I went down this
path in the first place. Why I went down this track, damn

boy. Why must you have darn good looks and
muscler body, that I fall for every time we see
each other. He brought me to this lifestyle and now I have to defend his
name and race to show that not only am I good but better then

you. *I feel the engine purr under my body*, getting ready to go to 0
to 60 in 2.8 seconds.
Red, yellow GREEN.